

Original Poetry.

For the News and Herald.
LAZARUS.

BY PETITE.

'Twas night, and silence reigned in Bethany.
The whiffling season was advanced; yet still, in that
delightful clime, had fallen away.
The Mount of Olives, with its summits four,
Cast shadows dark upon the vale below.
Where Kedron flowed with gently-murmuring
sound.
The midnight breeze was hushed. In calm
repose,
The mortals rested on the mountain's side.
The God of sleep had spread his mystic veil
O'er Eastern land; yet still, in Bethany,
One weary group felt not its magic power.
Beside a father's couch, a sister knelt,
And earnestly implored, with quivering lip,
That he, her only brother might not die.
As gathered harvest of the reaper, Death,
The low "amen" was echoed at her side.
With broken utterance, from her sister's
voice,
"Mary!—the sick man's tone was calm—
"My prayer
And, Martha's tender watchfulness, have
"Showered
My throbbing brow, and cooled my fevered
"Lips.
And yet, methinks I feel the touch of Death
Upon my sudden cheek, Ask God for
"Strength,
For meek submission to our Father's will.
"Even as he spoke, his voice grew faint—the
"Light
Seemed fading from his eye.
"O Lazarus—
Not yet, not yet; we cannot part with thee,
"Oh! if the Master would but come! Even
"Now.
When life recedes ebbing in his lowest tide,
At His command, the Destroyer's power
"Would cease.
We bade the messenger, with utmost speed,
The Master seek—in haste to let him know
Our brother's illness, for he loved him well.
He comes not yet. Why fingers lie so long?
A shadow—as if some anxious thought had
"Pierced
Into the sufferer's soul—'ere yet his face,
A moment more—was gone, and in its
"stead
Such blissful, peaceful delight, it seemed
Such sweetest sleep, more bright when cloudlets
"entice
The sun's departing rays. A tender glance
He cast upon the mourning two, and then
His lips essayed to speak the parting word.
Too weak for utterance clear, his whispered
"tone,
The sisters bowed their sorrowing heads to
"heave.
"As love's last tribute to the dying frame,
"I would not bid those tearful eyes cease,
"their flow.
And yet, to me it seems, they should be
"left
Of holy thankfulness and not of grief.
How oft, as at the Master's feet we sat,
His truths consoling—cheering—taught our
"hearts
That all things, whatsoever they be, for good
"We do, work, to those that love His name.
The Holy One omnipotent had power
"To say the least of death. He seeth best
That I should die. Then let his will be done
And nunciate not. 'Tis for His glory's sake
My breath grows stilled. The parting hour
"has come.
A transient parting for we meet again,
Father, in Paradise receive my soul.
Martha—Mary—my dying kiss, Farewell."
They watched him till his form was motion-
"less.
Then closed his sightless eyes that o'en in
"death
Seemed gazing on them with such earnest-
"ness.
They pressed their lips upon his forehead
"cold
And rent their garments. Wailing sad and
"low
Burst from their inmost souls mingled with
"prayer.
"Father above, unto our troubled hearts,
"Grief—tossed, like the moaning billows of the
"sea—
Say Peace, be still! Sweet peace steal
"o'er us now.
With softened grief, the last sad offices
They then performed. The napkin round
"his head
They bound—his body washed, perfumed
"and wrapped.
With linen shroud. Meanwhile had morn-
"ing dawned,
And mourners, friends and minstrels gath-
"ered there,
In that sad chamber where the dead reposed.
Low lamentations, like the wailing of
"orbed mourners, assailed the ears of death.
To seek relief for wounded hearts—alone—
In prayer the sisters knelt—communion
"sought.
With Him whose healing balm soothes every
"pain.
And comfort found. * * * * *
"Four weary days passed by
Since Lazarus died. Each morning to his
"tomb,
With fragrant flowers, the sisters had pre-
"pared.
Thinking perchance, that ere decay began
The soul still hovered near its home of clay.
The fourth day, glad news reached
"Martha's ear—
The coming of her Saviour. Joyfully
She hastened to receive Him ere he reached
"her dwelling place. With sympathetic air
He greeted her. "Lord if Thou hadst been
"here,"
Were her first words, "My brother had not
"died;
Yet even now, what'er thy prayer shall be,
I know that God will grant it," he replied,
"Thy brother shall arise." She answered
"him,
I know that when the final trumpet shall sound,
His body will arise." Then Jesus said,
"I am the resurrection and the life:
He that hath faith in me, though he were
"dead,
Yet shall he live; and whosoever hath life
And trusteth in me shall not die. This truth
Believest thou?" "Yea, Lord." And as she
"spoke,
A sudden joy—she scarce knew why—it
"turned
Her darkened heart and hastily she ran
To summon Mary to the Saviour's side.
The tears fell silently from Mary's cheeks
As, prostrate at His feet, she meekly bowed
And humbly said, Lord, if Thou hadst been
"here,
My brother had not died. A mournful
"group
Around her stood, and tears of sympathy
Were mingled with her own. The Son of God
Knew well the feelings of the human heart
And chid them not. He viewed with sorrow-
"ing eye
"The havoc sin had made. His spirit groined
Claimed wreck to see. But His almighty power
Claimed perfect sovereignty o'er life and
"death.
And soon, to prove that he was Lord of Lords
And King of kings—o'en of the Monarch,
"Death—
This power was manifested. "Where," he
"asked,
"Is laid the body of our Lazarus?"
"Come, Lord, and see," they answered.
"Behold how well he loved him! Could not
"He—
This man that worketh wonders—could He
"not
Have seen that Lazarus should not die?"
"Thus awoke
The Jews that round Him stood. His pur-
"poses

They could not see.
At length they reached the tomb.
"Upon this rock, a rocky cave, a stone
"Was laid. 'Take ye away the stone,'
"Commanded Jesus. But a sudden awe
Seemed o'er them cast. A supernatural
"power,
They felt would soon exert its sway.
"Four days
Said Martha, "he hath lain within the
"grave;
Ere now, corruption hath begun its work."
For unbelief, he gently chided her:
"Have I not said that if thou wouldst be-
"lieve,
The glory of thy Father should see thee?"
The stone was then removed, and Jesus
"raised
His eyes to Heaven in fervent thanks
For answered prayer. Not that God's holy
"Son
Ever asked for aid and yet received it not,
But that He spoke that those around might
"know
That God had sent Him. Breathless silence
"reigned,
Upon the expectant group. Alternately
They watched the Saviour's earnest coun-
"enance
And gazed upon the open sepulchre.
The one that burst upon their listening ears
Seemed like the judgment trumpet. Who
"could resist
A mandate uttered by such voice as this?
"Lazarus, come forth!" The dead man's
"soul leaped back
Into his prison-house. He started forth
Bound in his many shroud like messenger
He seemed, returning from the spirit world.
"Loose him and let him go." With flutter-
"ing heart,
That voice the crowd obeyed. Could they
"have
And yet, as Lazarus standing with them
"there?
Ah! No delusion now. The sisters rushed
Into his open arms, and tears of joy
Gushed from their eyes—their humble grati-
"tude,
With prostrate forms at Jesus' feet, expres-
"sive
The light of faith gleamed forth on many a
"heart—
All dark before; and beamed with brighter
"rays.
Upon the reunited family
Only Heaven-blessed Bethany.

Historical Sketches of Fairfield.

EARLY SETTLEMENT.

After a pretty long interval, these
sketches of the history of Fairfield are
resumed. With very limited re-
sources from which to collect material
for them, besides the additional labor
devolving on the Editor, it is to be
hoped some encouragement will be
extended not only in sending in for
reference all reminiscences that can be
furnished, but in aiding in the increase
of our list of subscribers.
Allusion has been made to the first
settlers of this District. After the
Cherokee War, when a large territory
embracing Fairfield, was ceded to the
King of England, settlers came in
from various quarters. An before
stated, the Lyles came from Virginia.
Shortly after them, came Edward
Mobley, also from that Colony, with
six sons, all with families, and settled
on Beaver Creek, about six miles from
where it flows into Broad River.
These all came before the war.
During the Cherokee war, it was
found necessary to construct forts
along the border, to protect the early
inhabitants from incursions by the
Indians. This chain of forts extended
from the mountains down to McDowell's
Ferry. The first of these was Fort
Wagoner, which stood in the neigh-
borhood which Mr. Mobley chose as
his home.
Mills, in his statistics, gives a won-
derful story of the killing of a huge
rattlesnake near this fort. He states
that "a young man, 'Gly the name of
'James Phillips went out with a hunt-
"ing party, and, on his return, near
"the fort shot a rattlesnake, which, on
"examination, was found to have a
"fawn in its stomach. This circum-
"stance (observes D. R. Coleman,
"Esq.) has been related to me by
"Phillips himself, and by a number of
"others who saw the snake when
"brought into the fort, and the fawn
"taken out of it."
But our author brings in other testi-
mony to corroborate this snake story.
He says that "Major T. Means, in re-
"marking on this subject, observes:
"The killing of the snake with the
"fawn in it, was related to me by J.
"Phillips, and the spot where it oc-
"curred shown me in one of my fields.
"The circumstance was also attested
"to me by Albert Baum and others, who
"were eye-witnesses of the fact."
The largest rattlesnake killed in
this District, of which any record has
been found, measured eight feet in
length.
Rattlesnakes are seldom seen in
any part of the District now, if seen
at all. After the Cherokee war closed,
settlers came in from what was
then known in Europe as the Palati-
nate, from Pennsylvania, Virginia,
Ireland and Wales. The Welch set-
tled along Wilkinson's creek, a small
stream which rises a little above, and
runs near to, and west of, Monticello.
The surface of this District pre-
sents some features worthy of notice.
From east to west it rises first, to a
bold and prominent ridge which
sweeps round in a gentle curve from
about the middle of the northern bound-
ary to a little east of the middle south-
ern boundary. It is upon this ridge, in
great part, that the Charlotte and
South Carolina railroad has its track.
Winnsboro is upon the very summit of
this ridge, and so exactly upon it, that

the rain water which pours into the gut-
ter on the east side of the main street
finds its way into Wateree river on
the east, while that from the gutter
on the west side of the same street
dashes along in muddy volume until
it is lost in Broad river on the west.
Leaving the top of this ridge, and
going westward, we descend to the
valley watered by Little river and its
tributaries. These waters divide the
first named ridge from another that
corresponds almost exactly with the
meridian running through the village
of Monticello, and making its exit
from the upper and lower parts of the
District on the west.
But while these waters and ridges
cause these prominent marks in the
surface from North to South, the fact
that the tributaries of the three prin-
ciple streams flow east and west, gives
rise to an undulating surface, so
cheerful and broken, that after
leaving the two main ridges, the travel-
er whether going north, east, south
or west, finds himself "plodding a
weary way."
In the surface of Fairfield, as de-
scribed in the first case, there is a
miniature representation of that of
the United States. The ascent from
the eastern side will represent the
Atlantic slope; Little river, the Mis-
sissippi valley, and the descent to
Broad river, the Pacific slope.
Science and Philosophy.
What Supplies the Great Lakes?
Mr. George A. Sheffield, Jr., replics
that water from underground
rivers. He calls attention to the fact
that the surface tributaries of the great
lakes will hardly make good the wear
and tear of atmospheric absorption and
evaporation. Yet the lakes are of im-
mense size, and constantly discharge
vast volumes of water through their
outlets. Saint St. Marie, Mackinaw, &c.,
without sensible diminution. Hence, as
there are no adequate source of supply
above the surface, we must look for
them beneath it.
That the crust of the earth is full of
water courses is a familiar fact. Illus-
trations are found in the Mammoth Cave
the Adelsberg Mountains in Switzer-
land, the hot rivers on our prairies, and
the artesian wells which are now be-
coming numerous in Europe and in our
country. At Passy, near Paris, the
water struck an amazing stream of water
eighteen hundred feet below the surface
which discharges nearly six millions of
gallons per day, rushing to the surface
with great velocity. This is strong evi-
dence, certainly, of a great underground
stream at this point. The great wells
at Kissingen, in Bavaria, at Monden,
in Hanover, at Louisville, in Kentucky,
Charleston, S. C., and hundreds of others,
many of which are two thousand
feet deep, discharging great volumes of
water—all tend to demonstrate the fact,
that the crust of the earth is penetrated
in all directions and at all depths with
these streams and water-courses.
At this point of the argument, Mr.
Sheffield asks his readers to "turn to the
map of North America" and note particu-
larly the point where the thirty-second
degree of west longitude crosses the
forty-fourth parallel of north latitude.
Within a radius of five hundred miles
of which this is the centre, will be found
the great water-producing region of the
West. In this elevated and compara-
tively uneven surface of the country,
nearly all of the great rivers of the
West have their sources and fountain-
heads. First the Missouri, with its in-
numerable branches and tributaries,
among which are the Yellowstone, and
the North Fork of the Platte, the Ar-
kansas, the Red River, the Rio Grande
all flowing from the eastern and south-
ern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and
finding their way through thousands of
miles of country to the Gulf of Mexico.
On the western slope is the Rio Colorado,
which empties into the Gulf of Califor-
nia, and which is formed by the union
of the Grand and Green Rivers, the
sources of which are also within the ter-
ritory above mentioned.
The same statement is true of the Co-
lumbia River, flowing through the State
of Oregon in the Pacific and of the other
great streams and rivers which flow
northward and westward into the Pacific
and the Northern Ocean. Here, then,
we have a radius from which a system
of rivers proceeds in all directions but
one. On the side of the great lakes
there is no surface river of any size. Mr.
Sheffield puts this fact and the equally
unquestionable one of the existence of
the lakes together, and constructs his
theory that the lakes are fed by subter-
ranean members of this river system,
which find outlets at different points on
the bottoms of the lakes, and maintain
the supply with as much certainty and
regularity as if the streams were running
on the surface of the ground.
The Arrian Honey Cider.—In
Dr. Livingston's narrative in the follow-
ing notice of the honey guile, the most
remarkable for its intelligence, of all the
African honey-birds: "How is it that
every member of its family has learned
that all men, white or black, are fond of
honey? The instant the little fellow
greet him with the hearty invitation to
come to a bee's hive and take some
honey. He flies on in the proper direc-
tion, perches on a tree, and looks back
to see if you are following; then on to
another and another, until he guides you
to the spot. If you do not accept his
first invitation he follows you with press-
ing importunities, quite as anxious to
lure the stranger to the bees' hive as
other birds are to draw him away from
their own nest. Except while on the

march, our men were sure to accept
the invitation, and manifested the same
by a peculiar responsive whistle, mean-
ing, as they said, 'All right; go ahead;
we are coming.' The bird never deceived
them, but always guided them to a
hive of bees, though some have but little
honey in store."
A Continent Covered with Ice.—
Prof. Agassiz comes to the conclusion
that the continent of North America
was once covered with ice a mile in
thickness, thereby agreeing with Profes-
sor Hitchcock and other geological writ-
ers concerning the glacial period. In
proof of this conclusion, he says that the
slopes of the Alleghany range of moun-
tains are glacier-worn to the very top,
except a few points which were above
the level of the icy mass. Mount Wash-
ington, for instance, is over six thousand
feet high, and the rough, unpolished sur-
face of its summit, covered with loose
fragments, just above the level of which
glacier marks come to an end, tells that
it lifted its head above the desolate
waste of ice and snow.
In this region, then, the thickness of
the ice cannot have been much less than
six thousand feet, and this is in keeping
with the same kinds of evidence in other
parts of the country, for when the moun-
tains are much less than six thousand
feet, the ice seems to have passed direct-
ly over them, while the few peaks rising
to that height are left untouched. The
glaciers, he argues, was God's great
plough, and when the ice vanished from
the face of the land it left it prepared
for the hand of the husbandman.
The hard surface of the rocks were
ground to powder, the elements of the
soil were mingled in fair proportions,
granite was carried into the lime regions,
lime was mingled with the more arid
and unprotected districts, and a soil was
prepared for the agricultural uses of
man. There are evidences all over the
polar regions to show that at one period
the heat of the tropics extended all over
the globe. The ice period is supposed
to be long subsequent to this, and next
to the last before the advent of man.
The Ocean Bottom.—Mr. Green,
the famous diver, tells singular stories
of his adventures when making search
in the deep waters of the ocean. He
gives some new sketches of what he saw
at the "Silver Bank," near Hayti:
The banks of the coral on which my
divings were made are about forty miles
in length, and from ten to twenty in
breadth. On this bank of coral is pre-
sented to the diver one of the most
beautiful and sublime scenes the eye
ever beheld. The water varies from
one to one hundred feet in depth, and is
so clear that the diver can see from
two to three hundred feet when sub-
merged, with but little obstruction to
the sight.
The bottom of the ocean in many places
is as smooth as a marble floor, in others
it is studded with coral columns
from ten to one hundred feet in height,
and from one to eighty feet in diameter.
The tops of these more lofty support a
myriad of pyramidal pendants, each
forming more, giving the reality to the
imaginary abode of some water nymph
In other places the peninsular form arch
after arch; and as the diver stands on
the bottom of the ocean and gazes
through the deep winding avenue, he
finds they will fill him with a sacred awe
as if he were in some old cathedral which
had been long beneath old ocean's waves.
Here and there the coral extends even
to the surface of the water, as if the
latter columns were towers belonging
to these stately temples that are now in
ruins.
Sulphate of Iron as a Disinfectant.—
Great attention is paid, and with
reason, in this country, (England) in
Holland, and in Belgium, to the disin-
fection of stalls and of the excrements
of animals of the bovine race, infected
with typhus, in order to arrest the ravages
of this terribly contagious mauld.
The use of phosphoric acid which is pro-
posed for this purpose, is rational, in
that it enriches the manure, but not if
you consider the expense, the difficulty
of transport, and the many precautions
necessary in handling it. Sulphate
of iron, on the contrary, is of sufficient
value (say a farthing per pound,) eco-
nomic, and easy of employment, and
having great effect upon animal mat-
ters, would completely purify the in-
fectious places and the manures of animals
suffering from typhus. It does not in-
jure the manure, but conserves its most
energetic parts by converting the car-
bonate of ammonia into sulphate of am-
monia, a fixed salt, which is easily ap-
propriated by the plants. It was in
1845 that Mr. Schattemann, director
of the mines of Bouxwiller, Department
du Bas-Rhin, proposed the disinfection
of fecal matters and of manures by means
of sulphate of iron, and since then this
salt has been generally employed in
France for these purposes, as well as to
purify the slaughter houses, ditches, and
all places where obnoxious emanations
arise. Its use is very simple. Dissolved
it gives a very acid liquid, that can be
handled without danger, and which pen-
etrates everywhere when used to wash
the infected places or to mix with the
manures. When the cholera was at
Marseilles, great quantities of sulphate
of iron were used, not only in France
but also in Switzerland and in Germany
to disinfect closets, slaughter-houses, and
all places giving off noxious emanations,
and with perfectly satisfactory results.—
London Chemical News.

**Downfall of the Freedman's Bu-
reau.**—The Freedman's Bureau, with
all of its slippery movements, is liable to
slip up. General Brown, chief of the
Bureau in the Department of Virginia,
slipped up at the corner of Ninth and
Broad streets on yesterday. As he
touched the ground a juvenile specimen
of the Bureau yelled out, "Dar, de Freed
man's Bureau done asted." The "Buro"
proved that it was still intact by rising
and walking off.—Richmond Times.

Literary.

Sketches of Carricism.—It may,
perhaps, be of some satisfaction, says
D'Israeli, to show the young writer,
that the most celebrated ancients have
been as rudely subjected to the tyranny
of criticism as the moderns:
Homer was accused of having stolen
from anterior poets whatever was
most remarkable in the Iliad and
Odyssey. Nauterates seven points
out the source, in the library at Mem-
phis, in a temple of Vulcan, which,
according to him, the blind man com-
pletely pillaged.
Sophocles was brought to trial by
his children as a lunatic; and some,
who censured the inequalities of this
poet, have also condemned the vanity
of Pindar—the rough verses of
Æschylus—and Euripides for the
conduct of his plots.
Socrates, considered as the wisest
and most moral of men, Cicero treat-
ed as a usurper, and the pedant Athe-
næus as illiterate.
Plato, who has been called by Cle-
ment of Alexandria, the Moses of
Athens—the philosopher of the Chris-
tians, by Arnobius—and the god of
philosophers, by Cicero—Athenæus
accused of envy; Theopompas, of ly-
ing; Suidas, of avarice; Aulus Gell-
ius, of robbery; Porphyry, of incon-
tinence; and Aristophanes, of impiety.
Aristotle, whose industry composed
more than four hundred volumes, has
not been less spared by the critics—
Diogenes, Laertius, Cicero, and Plu-
tarch, have forgotten nothing that can
tend to show his ignorance, his ambi-
tion, and his vanity.
Virgil is destitute of invention, if
we are to give credit to Pliny, Carbi-
lus, and Seneca. Caligula has abso-
lutely denied him even his faculty—
Hærenus has marked his faults—and
Pærius Faustus has furnished a
thick volume with his plagiarisms.
Quintilian does not spare Seneca;
and Demosthenes, according to Her-
mippus, has more of art than of na-
ture.
We might largely augment this list,
and show the world what men the
critics are; but, perhaps, enough has
been said to "soothe irritated genius,
and to shame fastidious criticism."
Literary Blunders.—When Dante
published his "Divine Comedy," the sim-
plicity of the age accepted it as a true
narrative of his descent into hell.
When the Utopia of Sir Thomas
More was first published, the learned
Budeus and others took it for a gen-
uine history, and considered it as
highly expeditious, that missionaries
should be sent thither in order to con-
vert so wise a nation to Christianity.
It was a long while after publica-
tion, that many readers were con-
vinced that Gulliver's Travels were fictions.
The "Hermippus Redivivus," of Dr.
Campbell, a curious banter on the
hermetic philosophy and the universal
medicine, deceived, for a length of
time, the most learned of that day.
His notion of the art of prolonging
life, by inhaling the breath of young
women, was eagerly credited. A
physician, who himself had composed
a treatise on health, was so influenced
by it, that he actually took lodgings
at a female boarding-school, that he
might never be without a constant
supply of the breath of young ladies.
In a catalogue compiled by a
French writer of Works on Natural
History, he has inserted the well-
known essay on Irish Bulls, by the
Edgeworths.
A Great Chess Player.
Henry Vethake, provost of the Uni-
versity of Pennsylvania, who died in
Philadelphia last week, had previous-
ly filled the mathematical chair of
Princeton and Dickinson Colleges.
He was the author of an interesting
work on "The Principles of Political
Economy," published in the year
1838, and edited the supplementary
volume of the "Encyclopedia Ameri-
cana," published in 1847.
It was, however, his excellent game
of chess which gave him his widest
reputation. The following interesting
account of his achievements is given
in the "Book of the Chess Congress":
"Henry Vethake, of German parent-
age, is grandson of the officer who di-
rected the artillery of the allies at the
battle of Minden. He commenced his
career as a chess-player, at nine years
old, by beating his father. His pre-
cocity attracted attention, and during
his boyhood he played frequently in
New York society as a chess prodigy.
He dropped chess altogether while in
college, but as a law student he re-
sumed it, and was recognized as the
strongest player in New York. He
sometimes alludes to an amusing oc-
currence of this period. To while
away the time on board a North river
steamer he accepted the invitation
of a stranger to play a game of chess.
Mr. Vethake played, as a strong play-
er is wont to, when he discovers that
he could give half his pieces to his
adversary. He had not observed that
the game was keenly overlooked by
Mr. John R. Livingston, the well-
known associate of Robert Fulton.
Mr. Livingston discovered in Mr. Ve-
thake, despite some unaccountably bad
moves, the germ of superior chess
talent. This he expressed to the
young stranger in courteous and com-
plimentary terms, and assured him,
moreover, that, in fact, all he needed
was some lessons from some one, like
himself, who was forced, in amazo-

ment, to utter a good-humored, 'Aut
Brevitas aut Diabolus!' The crushing
strength of his young antagonist's
play had sufficiently revealed his
name. The greater part of Mr. Ve-
thake's life, from the completion of
his law studies to his removal to
Philadelphia, in 1836, was spent as
professor of mathematics in various
institutions, where he had no opportu-
nity of finding players approaching to
his own strength. For ten or fifteen
years, therefore, he may be said to
have abandoned chess altogether.
During a visit to Germany in 1829,
1830, his interest in chess was rene-
wed by looking over a game in the ho-
tel Aix-la-Chapelle. He sought the
best players at various stopping
places, and beat them all. At Berlin
he found a stronger adversary, but suc-
ceeded in drawing his game, to the
great mortification of the Prussian,
who said that if it had been a French-
man who had wrested victory from
him, he could never have forgiven
himself. And this was said in the
days of Deschappelles and La Bour-
donnais!"
Dress as a Cause of Disease.
In this age, when dress occupies so
much of the attention of society, the
influence of costume on the bodily con-
dition becomes an important matter of
inquiry.
Improper modes of dress, whether
excessive or inadequate, are fertile sources
of disease, and also aggravate an
abnormal state of the system by what-
ever cause produced. If in our desire
to keep the body warm we overload it
with layers of thick, closely woven fabric
and thus produce an undue heat at the
surface the effect is to suppress the action
of the excretory glands, and prevent a
perspiration. The vitiated matter which
is thus retained is re-absorbed by the
skin and carried back into the system,
rendering the blood impure and derang-
ing the delicate machinery of the glandu-
lar system. A rare light air is absolutely
necessary for the healthy activity of the
vehicles of the skin, and those articles of
clothing which prevent the admission of
these two great vital agents are entirely
unfit for use.
As a free circulation of blood to all
parts of the human body is requisite to
the enjoyment of perfect health, so no
part of the body should be dressed in
such a manner as in the least to obstruct
or retard its flow. Tight boots, shoes or
gloves are therefore detrimental. Cold
extremities, painful humors, swellings
and colicities are generally the result of
such ligatures.
Insufficient clothing is much worse
than too much. The effect of exposure
to the cold is the immediate contraction of
the skin, which suspends the operation of
excretory and excretory organs, and the
matter which should be discharged from
the system is thrown back into the throat
lungs or bowels, occasioning those forms
of disease commonly called "cold,"
"head-ache," "catarrh," "diarrhœa,"
&c.
A change of dress from thick to thin
is not beneficial unless accompanied by a
corresponding change in climate or tem-
perature. A fashionable lady after wear-
ing a thick, high neck dress all day, will
sometimes array herself in low-necked
attire for an evening party. Such an
imprudent change has frequently been
followed by a sudden death. Head colds
at the present day are evidently worn
by ladies for display and not for
comfort; and we are not surprised when
we hear this or that one complain of
"such distress in the head," or "neural-
gia." A hat, to afford real protection
to the head, should be large enough to
cover the greater part of it, and at the
same time be comfortably warm, but not
so heavy as to fatigue the wearer after
half an hour's use.
But the most serious feature in the
dress of American ladies is tight lacing,
a practice most unnatural, and therefore
most dangerous to health. Does any
one doubt the prevalence of this custom
let him consult the fashion-plates in any
popular ladies' magazine. How women,
seriously obedient to the suggestion of
their dress-maker, or else grossly igno-
rant of the first principles of health have
squeezed themselves to death, the great
day of account will disclose. The record
must be appalling, and yet the suicidal
work goes on. The compression of the
waist hinders, if it does not altogether
suspend, the action of the diaphragm,
and weakens the muscles of the respira-
tion and the power of digestion. The
heart, liver, lungs, spleen and stomach
being forced into a space much too small
for the proper performance of their re-
spective functions, are weakened and,
if the compression is continued become
diseased; consumption ensues, and the
mistaken devotee of a barbarous fash-
ion sinks swiftly into an early grave.
Oh, ye who sigh for the deformity of a
waspish shape, consider the fault's
contour of that chief d'œuvre of sculpture
the Venus de Medici, and strive to de-
velop your attenuated bodies into the
beautiful proportions of the well-grown
woman.
Of course the entire dress should be
adapted to the climate and season of the
year. In climates like that of New
York city, where there are sometimes
sudden transitions from heat to cold, and
from wet to dry, it is hardly safe to
dress in a slight manner, except it be in
mid summer, when atmospheric changes
are least frequent.

Fire in Charleston.—We learn by
a private despatch that a fire broke out
in Charleston, in Anson street, rear of
the Charleston Hotel, at 10 o'clock, last
night.—Phoenix 13th.

Things Wise and Otherwise.

"Mike, do you love your country?"
yes, yer honor. "What do you love
best about it?" "The whiskey, sure."
"Ugh! Him great man! Big
brave! Take many scalps?" said an
Indian, seeing a window full of wigs.
A canter gives ruddy cheeks; a de-
cancer ruddy noses.
"May I inquire where the Poli-
Court is?" "Certainly, sir." "Then
where is it?" "I haven't the slightest
idea."
"Why will you persist in wearing
another woman's hair on your head?"
asked an Avil of his wife. She re-
torted, "Why will you persist in wear-
ing other sheep's wool on your back?"
A pretty girl said to Leigh Hunt, "I
am very sad you see." He replied—
"O, no; you belong to the other Jew-
ish sect; you are very fair, I see."
"What a passion you are in!" said
the Rain to the Brook, "flushing and
fussing." "I was quiet till you came,"
said the Brook. "That's the way; peo-
ple who pick quarrels always throw
the blame on those they trouble."
Water is not a fashionable beverage
for drinking your friend's health, but
is a capital one for drinking your
own.
Marivaux was accosted by a beggar
who appeared the picture of health.
"Why," said M., "do you not labor?"
"You seem to be well and vigorous."
"Ah, Monsieur," replied the mendicant,
"if you only knew how busy I am—"
"Hold!" said Marivaux, "there is
a crown for your frankness."
A cobbler, at Paris, who attended
the public disputations, was asked if
he understood Latin. "No," he re-
plied; "but I know who is wrong in
the argument!" How! asked his
friend. "Why by seeing who is angry
first?"
Make up your mind to do a thing,
and then do it. If a spider breaks
his web twenty times, twenty times
will he mend it.
A beautiful ring—the home circle.
"Where are you going?" said one
boy to another, who had slipped down
on an icy pavement. "Going to get
up," was the blunt reply.
The Freedmen.
We believe, with but few exceptions
have secured homes for the present year.
Their behavior during the holidays, so
far as we have heard, was exemplary—
not a single instance of riot or misbe-
havior occurred in our midst to blot
the occasion. This is a decided im-
provement in conduct and morals, and
strengthens the prediction, that with
proper educational and moral instruction
they will eventually become self sustain-
ing and worthy of confidence. We ob-
serve among the more intelligent a spir-
it of industry and show of respectability
while the other class manifests a dispo-
sition to taste the sweets of freedom in
slovenly idleness.
We deem it a religious duty to pro-
tect from fraud and imposition this class
of ignorant people. Humanity dictates,
as well as our welfare demands, that we
should impart wholesome advice and
endeavor to raise them in the scale of
being, regardless of personal and pecu-
niary interest, which we fear influence
too many in their counsel.—Lancaster
Lelger.
Boiling Food for Hogs.—At a
meeting of the New York Farmer's
Club, Prof. Mapes made the following
remarks in regard to boiling food for
hogs:
"The proof of the saving of food by
boiling has been given here; we may
as well have it. Mr. Mason was a
watermaker in Camden, N. J., among
other fancies he liked to keep hogs.
He had his hog pen built just back of
his shop, so that he could sit at his
window and watch his hogs. Every
spring he bought some pigs and fed
them through the season. Just oppos-
ite to Mr. Mason was the store of Mr.
Van Arsdale, and every pound of
food Mr. Mason gave to his pigs he
bought at his store. At the end of
six months he got his bill from Mr.
Van Arsdale, and he always slaught-
ered his hogs at the same time; so
that he knew exactly how much his
pork cost. For several years it fig-
ured up at thirteen cents per pound.
At length some one advised him to
boil his corn. He accordingly got a
large kettle and cooked all the corn
which he fed to his pigs. Then his
pork cost him four-and-a-half cents
per pound. We also had the experi-
ence of Mr. Campbell, which was the
same as Mr. Mason's. Henry Ellis
worth made some extensive experi-
ments in the same thing, and his
statement is that thirteen pounds of
boiled corn, makes as much pork as
thirty pounds of raw corn."

The Freedmen.—General Howard and
suite, of the Freedmen's Bureau, arrived
in this city on Saturday, and since that
time have been visiting the colored popu-
lation and examining into their condi-
tion. Last night, the freedmen turned
out in large numbers, with torches
burning, transparencies etc., and escorted
the General and party to the African
Church, where several addresses were
delivered. Gen. Howard advised them
to remain where they were—that indue-
ments were held out to them to emigrate
to other States, but that removals were
always troublesome, and often very far
from advantageous; he advised them to
be industrious and abide by their con-
tracts; impressed upon them the impor-
tance of education, stating that through-
out the Southern States, there were now
over 150,000 colored children being ed-
ucated, and concluded his remarks with
certain patriotic expressions, which
evoked considerable feeling among the
dusky auditory.—Phoenix 8th.